UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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A SONG OF THE ROAD

The man who lives in the Vatican
Is not so favored as I,
For he must stay forever and aye
A prisoner under one sky;
While I am as free as bird or bee
As I travel down road or lane,
And I love to lie with the starlit sky
For my blanket and counterpane.

I've my loaf of bread and some berries red
That I gather from hill or vale,—
And a kiss I trade with the milking-maid
For a draught from her foaming pail;
With my staff and book in a shady nook
I lie through the noon-tide hour,
And I say good-day to all on my way
Be it plowman or nodding flower.

Then ho! for the road, be it narrow or broad,
And the fields and the beaming sky,—
As I follow the Spring 'round the earth no king
Is as happy and rich as I!

June, 1911. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Our editorial confrere, Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, has been the recipient of more academic honors from across the sea. The King of Italy has decorated him with the "Crown of Italy" in recognition of his interest in and appreciation of Italian science. Mr. Starr has been also honored with the *Grand Prix* for his exhibition of photographs representing the tribal marks of people of Central Africa at the Brussels Exposition of last year. Mr. Starr's frequent contributions in UNITY on Oriental, Mexican and Spanish subjects are much appreciated by our readers and often quoted by our exchanges. He is one of the most tireless workers in the field of anthropology at the present day.

The prediction made in UNITY'S editorial columns a quarter of a century ago, that the railway station was destined to assume the architectural proportions and the artistic aspirations that in mediaeval times produced the cathedral at its maximum, is fast coming true. Chicago is now rejoicing in the completion of such a civic cathedral. The three million dollar railway station of the Northwestern is a plant that rivals the Union Depot in Washington, D. C., and the Pennsylvania Depot in New York. It is splendid in its proportions, complete in its equipment and challenges the admiration of the intelligent in its effort to provide for the comforts of the traveling public as well as in its desire to realize splendid architectural proportions, solid, lasting, and safe. It is a study in architecture that invites criticism and appreciation of which it is not for us to speak, but we cannot forego a word of appreciation of the provision made for the protection and comfort of its immigrant patrons. Ample rooms are provided where the helpless foreigner is protected from the sharks and vampires that are ready to prey upon him. Intelligent and humane care-takers of both sexes are provided, with free accommodations for baths and the most modern equipment for washing and drying clothes with artificial heat, so that in an hour or two of waiting the thrifty mother can renovate the dirty clothes of her family and clothe them again in fresh linen. The railway station is perforce a cathedral building, a place where all sorts and conditions meet, a public utility, and the people will be glad to pay for such buildings. The people will also be glad to pay adequate salaries to those who conceive, construct and maintain these privileges. Perhaps none of these employes receive too high wages, surely many in the operating departments receive too little. The public would also be glad to pay reasonable interest on the actual capital invested, but the people have a right to object to the paying of big dividends on watered stock to men who contribute neither time, muscle nor brain to construction and management, but have come into the position of stockholders by barter and intrigue. Let these civic cathedrals, palaces of convenience and beauty, be multiplied in the traveling centers of America.

Emerson characterized the Unitarian agitation incident to the delivery of his famous and now almost orthodox Divinity School address as a "tempest in a washbowl." Unitarians do not like tempests; they are not given to generating electrical storms, and still their history is dotted with storm centers which also mark points of new departure and growing life. But from the report in the *Christian Register* and other papers, the usually placid "May Meetings" were this year disturbed by one of these storms. The carefully prepared program was rudely jostled. Set speeches had to give way to impromptu discussions. All this disturbance was caused by some young men fron New York who opposed the elec-

tion of Mr. Fletcher, a senator from Florida, as vice-president of the association, because he had officially defended the right of Lorimer of Illinois to a seat in the United States Senate. Of course the dignity of the body must be maintained and the report of the nominating committee was adopted, but not without developing a determined, eloquent, and ethically significant minority. We believe that upwards of one hundred votes out of four hundred, or thereabouts, were cast against the vice-presidency of Mr. Fletcher. As usual the discussion took a wide range, and, to our mind, the defenders of the nominating committee missed the mark. There were no charges made against the personal character of Mr. Fletcher; indeed the foes of Mr. Lorimer join with his friends in commending his personal habits. He is abstemious in drink and diet and faithful to wife and children. Mr. Lorimer himself undertook to vindicate the suspected Neil Browne of jack-pot notoriety on the ground that he "believed the Bible from kiver to kiver." The vice-presidents of the association are not simply men selected to an honorary position without responsibilities, but they are selected as representative men, specimens of the pick of Unitarianism, sample products of the faith. The very fact that there was a possibility of denying to Mr. Fletcher this representative character ought to have saved both the nominating committee and Mr. Fletcher from the humiliations of the open discussion. It was a violation of good taste, if not principle, on the part of the committee, while on the other hand, the frank opposition to offering such a man to the nation as a typical Unitarian was an exposition of good principle, albeit in bad taste. The majority vote of those who, for the time being, presumed to represent the American Unitarian Association, did not make Senator Fletcher a worthy representative of the genius of Unitarianism with its emphasis on civic piety and mundane holiness. Whatever is high and noble in Unitarianism and its relation to what is best in our national history is represented by such prophets of civic righteousness as Emerson, Channing, Parker, George William Curtis, Norman B. Eaton, Horace Mann, Charles Sumner, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and however Mr. Fletcher's vote for Lorimer be explained and his lack of vision extenuated, he has no place in this line of immortals. We believe the world, the intelligent world of those outside, as well as the majority of men and women inside of the Unitarian denomination will prefer to take these men and their living successors as worthy representatives of Unitarianism, rather than those who, for want of clearness of vision or the inspirations of the advanced, become entangled in "practical politics" and partisan intrigue. Those who still think that the question of Lorimer's moral right to a seat in the United States Senate is an open one, are themselves convicted of mental confusion and of spiritual obscuration. They are open to the suspicion of spiritual shortsightedness, or are found "cross-eyed."

Julia Ward Howe

The most original, daring and prophetic adventure that this great leader undertook during her long and eventful life was her Peace Crusade started in 1870, the plan involving the arousing of the women of England and America in a great world movement against war. Acting under the advice and in connection with her beloved pastors, Charles T. Brooks and James Freeman Clarke of blessed memory, her appeal was published in all the leading European languages and she spent the next two years of her life largely in correspondence with the leading women of the world. In 1872 she went abroad hoping to crystallize the sentiment developed, in organizations, congresses, etc. The reception was somewhat disappointing, though her own work and word were met with hearty appreciation. The women of the world at that time were too much bound by convention, too much under the spell of the martial spirit, to take active part in such a revolutionary movement. Disappointed but not defeated, Mrs. Howe dreamed of establishing a Mothers' Sunday for the purpose of educating mothers along these high lines, and she set apart for this purpose the second Sunday in June,—the season of Roses. The purpose and success of this suggestion she herself has thus stated in her interesting book of "Reminiscences," which brings the story of her life down to the eightieth year.

"I had desired to institute a festival which should be observed as Mothers' Day, and which should be devoted to the advocacy of peace doctrines. I chose for this the second day of June, this being a time when flowers are abundant, and when the weather usually allows of open-air meetings. I had some success in carrying out this plan. In Boston I held the Mothers' Day meeting for quite a number of years. The day was also observed in other places, once or twice in Constantinople, and often in places nearer home. My heart was gladdened this last year by learning from a friend that a peace association in Philadelphia still celebrates Mothers' Day."

We believe that this suggestion of Mrs. Howe's in modified forms has been accepted by many churches and clubs. Perhaps the specific date has been forgotten, the central object obscured, and the real "Mother" of the suggestion forgotten or ignored. But at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last Sunday the day was observed with a special program bearing the impressive picture which appears on our

front page. Mrs. Evelyn Leeds-Cole's beautiful hymn of "Peace" was sung, also the great "Battle Hymn," perhaps the one permanent contribution to literature from Mrs. Howe's pen, and "Home, Sweet Home."

Mrs. Howe deserves a place among the "Heralds of Progress." She was one of the apostles of the open faith, a leader in the humanities and the amenities of civilization. In her long life she demonstrated the possibility of converting wealth into leisure, culture into helpfulness, public spirit into a domestic reinforcement, rational life into devout experiences. Born for society, gifted to an eminent degree with social graces, she could live a sensible life even at Newport, and defy the silly conventions that gather around that wealth-ridden community, perhaps the most beautiful and most frivolous of American resorts.

In religion she was a radical, but eminently devout. She loved art, and had, to an exceptional degree the gift of expression, but she kept well up with her militant husband, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, in all the humanities and for all the reforms. In the early flush of her young womanhood she found her inspiration in the ministry of Theodore Parker, but when children came and she felt the responsibilities of motherhood she denied herself the inspirations of the great Music Hall services that the children might have the benefit of the more devout surroundings and the churchly helps of James Freeman Clarke's Church of the Disciples.

Mrs. Howe may well share with Mrs. Severance of the Pacific Coast, the title of "Mother of Clubs." Perhaps more than any other woman she shaped the woman's club activities of America. She was one of the founders and, for many years, president of the New England Woman's Club, the unattained ideal of all the women's clubs of America. At home and abroad she was the instigator and director of women's congresses, federations and mothers' meetings. But she was an ever-ready and efficient coworker with men and with the inclusive organizations of men, women and children.

To the end of her life religion was to her a living force, and the church an institution worthy of the high devotion she gave to it. She was not so "advanced" as to be above church activities or so "cultured" as to be bored by the ministrations of the pulpit and the sanctities of the altar. In all this she was a model for the modern woman to follow, an encouragement and reinforcement for the men who believe that the rational life can and should be devout, and that the favored life should consecrate itself to the serenities and sanctities of the home and the church.

She who sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was a "modern mother" who had time to take her little ones by the hand and lead them to the church and the Sunday-school, to share with them the devout life, which comes only by deliberate and slow training, by the beautiful discipline of noble life habits.

Is Orthodoxy Sinful?

That depends on the kind of orthodoxy.

Does it?

Is not the orthodoxy of the free thinker or the scientist just as sinful as that of the Hindu or the Roman Catholic?

For the sinfulness of orthodoxy of every brand lies, not in the opinions held, but in the way in which they are held. You may hold regally heterodox opinions in as orthodox, that is in as sinful, a way, with just as much infidelity to your intellectual responsibility, as the opinions which happen to be called orthodox in the hour and the corner of the earth which claim you.

He is alone free from sin in this matter who holds what he professes, not because others, in larger or smaller quantities, do so, or because such conforming opinions agree best with a comfortable income and seemly social prestige, or promise best to secure the interests of a sect, but because he is convinced of their truth. Then they are *his*. Then he discharges the obligation laid on every rational creature of contributing something towards the spread of conviction. Then he becomes a self-respecting citizen in the world of thought.

But the empty sounding-board, the echo, the man who thinks he thinks the spare opinions others are pleased to bestow upon him,—*he* is a sinner. For he cheats himself of his own intellectual manhood and cheats the world of that clear conviction on his part which he may be said to owe alike to his fellows and to his maker.

Orthodoxy dies when men learn to think their own thoughts without prejudice or fear. It alone holds back the future when the power of reasoned conviction shall deliver us from slavery to the sacred opinions of the crowd. The light against which even the most heterodox kind of orthodoxy continually sins is the light of intellectual liberty.

Now this is just as true of politics and other things as it is of religion.

W. HANSON PULSFORD.

Every man who admires a public officer for his success in serving himself rather than for success in serving others—who respects the man for getting the office rather than for deserving the office—shows himself to that extent unfit to be a member of a self-governing nation, and by influence and example diminishes the capacity of the nation as a whole for self-government.—*A. T. Hadley.*

THE PULPIT

A Clean Heart and a Right Spirit

A SERMON BY REV. FRANK A. GILMORE, PASTOR OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH OF MADISON, WISCONSIN.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

When we examine a drop of blood under a powerful microscope, we can see the red and the white corpuscles of which it is full. We may isolate one of these white corpuscles and study its acts and movements. As we do this we are amazed to see that it is a living thing; that it seems to choose or prefer its food; in short, that it has an individuality of its own. But if we withdraw the eye from the glass and let it fall on a drop of blood as a whole, we know that there are great numbers of these corpuscles in every drop, and millions in our bodies. We then lose the feeling of the corpuscles' separate individuality in the thought of then collective mass and function in the economy of life.

Yet both these views of a tiny thing are true. We cannot understand their work as scavengers in the body and protectors against the germs of disease till we watch them as separate cells and study their structure and habits. We cannot understand *how* they do this work till we mass them together and see the relation they hold to the other vital organs and processes.

Here is a truth that holds for all of us, for all individuals and for all societies of men. Each human creature has a separate and distinct life of his own: a structure, habits, wants, a language; in a word, an individual existence, by which I mean our own peculiar way of thinking and feeling; the way we hear, and see, and taste, and smell, and touch; the way the world affects us, and what the world says to us, or teaches us; the way we reach out upon the world. Now this reciprocity between the individual and his environments, between our inner life and the life outside of us, which is always going on, this is peculiar to each man and seems to depend on the combination of mind and body, of faculties and nerves and organs,—inherited traits, with which a man is born. It is, I think, in each case distinct from every other, and the sense of personal identity which runs through the whole combination and through all our experiences is never the same thing for any two men, but in its inmost essence is unique, unshared and solitary.

But this uniqueness and solitariness is not all. It is true, but only half of the truth. To see the whole we must know that the solitary life is impossible by itself; it would mean no life, only a miserable and dwarfed one.

Like the white corpuscle, our life finds its meaning and gets its development only because it is not solitary, but merged in a common life. What should we be without wife and children; without teachers, friends and helpers; yes, without opponents and enemies! It is only in the life of society that we as individuals can develop. A human being born on a desert island and growing up there without ever seeing or hearing other men, could never be a man. What the water is to the boy who would learn how to swim, what the air is to the bird's untried power of flight,—society, the aggregate life, is to each of its human units, "the necessary condition for the completion of an individual."

We can never truly live either as separate units or as mere links in the intricate chain-work of society. We can never truly know ourselves, what we are, what we can know and endure as distinct individuals alone or as atoms in the social mass. "Each atom," says Emerson, "poises for itself, and for the whole." We live for ourselves and we live for others. We think alone and we think with others; we feel alone and we feel with others. It is a wisdom for which we should labor and pray,—to keep these two distinct. The iron wheel in a great machine has its central hub and its toothed rim. The *power* of the wheel comes from its center (where it joins the whirling shaft); that power is applied at its rim where its iron teeth join with the teeth of other wheels. In the work of the machine as a whole, the single wheel has its smaller and larger part. No wheel without a central hub, no wheel without a toothed rim, is good for anything. Rim and hub —hub and rim. The power-giving center and the power-transmitting circumference make the true wheel.

I think you will agree with me that men are quite apt to lose sight of these facts. The tendency just at present is to over-emphasize that part of our nature which, like the wheel's rim, is made to act with others, and to ignore the solitary center where power is generated.

We can hardly keep count of the appeals which come to us for help; we respond to these as well as we are able; we give our time, our effort and our cash. We join societies, we are put on committees, we sign petitions, we appear before the city council or the School Board, or the legislature, and advocate certain measures which we think are right. How many lectures we hear, how many books we read that make this same appeal to our co-operative capacities and which constantly call us out and away from our own center. Indeed this is, it seems to me, just the characteristic thing about our literature today,—its fiction, its drama, its current magazines, its very school books are all sounding the social note. This is certainly a good thing—it is just as certainly only a part of what we need. In all these appeals that come to ask our help for good causes; in all these lectures and books which reveal to us the failures of our civilization, and which show us what needs to be done, in all these we get very little, or at least we get all too little that goes to the heart of a man and kindles the fires of consecration and self-sacrifice. Rarely do we hear any political speech, read any sociological book, attend any meeting of reformers where we are driven inward to the very springs of character and motive, where we come away saying, "Create in *me* a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within *me*." It is a standing criticism of socialism that it proposes to accomplish by majorities what can only come by the purification and discipline of individuals;—that it would use the sword of government to propagate the gospel of self-devotion.

This same over-emphasis of our co-operative life to the neglect of our inward and separate life is seen

in our modern education. I take the word of our oldest professors, who say that the leading thought in the minds of students is to study what will pay—in dollars and cents. Of any course of study they ask, "What immediate and practical benefit will it be to me when I try to make a living?" Hence natural science, agriculture and modern languages are crowded, while pure literature, poetry, ethics, philanthropy, and the classical languages have a much smaller number of students. Some educators approve this; others think it a loss; for they say these impractical studies adorn, enrich and develop the deepest soul of a student in a way which the others cannot do.

And once more the two facts, that we have a separate life as well as a corporate life; an inner personal care, no less than an outward rim,—these facts are forgotten by those who reckon everything by numbers and masses. But it is the units which combine to form the numbers: the individuals which compose the crowd. And quality is always just as real and just as valuable as quantity, and in most things it is much more valuable. We see this in education again when men boast of the mere numbers in a school. The deeper, more vital question is, what is the quality of its output? Along with the students' knowledge of facts have they also learned what to love and what to hate? whom to honor, and whom to despise? Which would you prefer, a thousand graduates equipped to make a living; or one hundred or even ten who would rather fail in life outright than to defraud or injure any man or deny that divine voice which speaks in the conscience? Can you say that the value of anything is measured by the numbers of people who patronize and support it? Here is a horse-race, and here is Emerson reading one of his essays. In the one place ten thousand; in the other one hundred. Perhaps more people are reading the Sunday papers or shaving or smoking this morning than are present in the churches. Does that make the church any less valuable to us? Is that a great book that is read by the most people? (On the contrary, a great book may be read by only a few people.) Is every man whom the crowd follows and applauds a great and good man? That would be to make the prize-fighter and the political boss to be great and good.

Ages ago a solitary man cried out in his solitude, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew in me a right spirit." Of course this man was a member of some family and lived in some town or city. But now he is alone,—he strips off and lays aside all these outward relationships and stands with naked soul before his God. What does he want? Not wealth, nor power, nor even food; he asks for a clean heart and a right spirit. This is the deepest thing in him,—this spirit which unites his tiny life with the great life of God. He wishes to commune with God; he wants God to commune with him; and the focal point of that communion is his own heart; he understands that the pure in heart shall see God. He wants also to be a true man in all his dealings with other men,—he wants to live the co-operative life, to act and work with others. But deeper than the co-operative life is the individual and solitary life; and in order to act worthily his part as a citizen he wishes to fill his hidden and secret springs with spiritual and moral power. And so he asks for a clean heart and a right spirit.

We have had certain similar experiences. When you read a good book, the author seems to talk only to you; when you walk through the forest alone, the trees seem to belong to you, to speak to you as though you were the only person in the world. When you look up to the blue sky, its light and fire please you as if you were the first one who ever beheld them. And when you feel remorse or the sense of guilt, how entirely central and personal it is. These experiences are ours as individuals—as distinct and separate souls; their lesson and their value are for us. Our own feelings, our own pleasure or remorse are never repeated in any other soul. Other souls have their own experiences—which are peculiar to themselves.

Religion makes this even clearer. My religion is absolutely unique; no other man has it or can have it. It is not the same thing as the religion of a church or of a sect,—it is as emphatically my own as my own eyes or my own brain. Religion is a kind of power,—spiritual and moral power. It is a force which invigorates the inmost heart of a man; it cleanses and enlightens his spirit. And this power lodged in his own center and peculiar to him as an individual, is what best prepares him for those outward and social duties where his separate life becomes merged in the life of others. First, power at the center of the wheel, then that same power carried to the rim and transferred to the other wheels. When the dynamo starts up, then the machinery begins to run. When the electric current is turned into the jar the separate atoms combine. When we have clean hearts and a right spirit, when our souls are full of love and good will, we can work for the associated charities, or the hospital; we can best fight social evils and best help all good causes.

As we sit together here in church and pray sincerely, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and in me renew a right spirit," we speak as individuals more than as a congregation. Each man, each woman, speaks from his or her own central solitude. For the moment we are detached, the relations we hold to other people are put off, our business, our friendship, our family life. The soul is alone, uncovered before its Maker.

Is it true that we have secrets which no human being knows? Is it true that our thoughts, our wishes will not bear the light of day? If it be so, remember that God sees, for "he hath set our secret sins in the light of his countenance." "Create in me a clean heart, O God," we call in a whisper that none but God may hear. And this very asking,—this very turning of the sinning heart to God, brings the cleansing that we need, as when we open the door and invite the sunlight to fall upon a mouldy wall,—the mould is destroyed.

"And in me renew a right spirit." What does that mean as we speak the words from our central solitude? I will try to tell you what I think it means. It means that if we are discouraged, burdened and unhappy men, we need not be so. It means that if we lack courage and cheerfulness we can regain them. It means that when we feel worthless and insignificant we are wrong; that when we have lost the power to work, and life has no enthusiasm and

no zest, we can find a remedy. We have the wrong spirit, and we need to find the right one. "Renew a right spirit within me." In all these times of depression there is one cause,—I do not say the only cause, but I believe the most common one. It is this: we have lost the sense of our own individual worth, we have let go our faith. "How tiny, how inefficient is my life," we say as we look upon a vast throng of people. In this great nation, even in this city with its 30,000 people, what am I; in this huge university what is my single life? And when we think of the whole world full of people and then all the millions of the past ages, we seem to shrivel up and be completely lost. And the very co-operative life which we try to live, the numerous calls to join in with others, the insistent demands that we come out and be merged into some party or some popular movement, this characteristic social impulse, by continually drawing us away from our own center and our own personal life tends to dwarf and weaken us and lessen the sense of our individual worth. We must return again to the central truth; my life and your life is valuable in and for itself. My work and your work, however humble, has worth, if for no other reason than for this, that you and I find delight in it. We are not mere atoms to be lost in some social compound; we have significance as separate souls. You remember that I said the forest seems to belong to us when we walk in it alone. The sun has many worlds to warm and much work to do on this planet besides warming me, yet it does warm me as much as if I were the only man in the world. God has much work to do, many worlds to visit, many souls to help, yet he stands as ready and willing and eager to help me as if I were the only soul he had ever formed in his own image.

"Like as a father pitieth his own children," says the psalmist, "so the Lord pitieth us." "Like the good shepherd," said Jesus, "like a good shepherd who sought his one lost sheep till he found it and bore it home rejoicing, so God cares for his children." We never can be so weak or sinful; never so lost in the crowd; never so discouraged that he cannot reach us; and when he does reach us,—when the father has found the child and the child has found the father,—there is joy and peace in the soul, life regains its meaning, we begin the day with enthusiasm and we end it with content. Religion is primarily a private matter—a transaction between God and the soul. From it comes energy which sends us out to do the world's work. Beginning in the heart, it runs out into the hands and feet. Generated at the center, vitalizing the personal life, it fits us for the co-operative life.

What shall we say, then, of an institution like a church, which more than any other does this very thing? Its whole business is to deal in religion. It exalts and glorifies the soul, it proclaims the preciousness of every soul, and the horror and shame of sin, which defiles the soul; it rescues men from fear and from sickness; it helps to heal both mind and body; it reaches to the deepest springs of motive, love and good-will. It renews in men the right spirit so that they become better fathers, better teachers, better citizens.

And when and if a church has helped men and women thus, there is no uncertainty about that church; so long as it thus ministers to the best in men, its life, its work will be perpetuated. Men will not reckon it among the luxuries or the adornments of life, but place it with the necessities, with bread and with clothes.

THE STUDY TABLE

Dr. Crooker's New Book, "The Church of Tomorrow"

Two years ago Dr. Joseph H. Crooker gave us a book called "The Church of Today," which attracted wide attention, as it well deserved to do, for it was an able treatment of a subject of vital importance in connection with the religious situation in Christendom in our time. As an argument for the permanent value of the Christian Church, a defense against its enemies, and a plea for its earnest support by all men and women who care for their own highest good and for the moral welfare of society, the work could hardly have been stronger.

Dr. Crooker now follows that volume with another, supplementary in its nature, entitled "The Church of Tomorrow," which is not inferior in vigor or timeliness to the earlier work. As the title suggests, the ground covered by the present book is not wholly new; in other words, there is much common ground between this volume and its predecessor, as of course was inevitable if either work was to be made at all complete. This, however, is only a very slight drawback; for, even when the author deals with lines of thought which he has presented before, he does so with so much freshness of statement and wealth of new illustration as to make us almost or quite forget that we are not treading in wholly new paths.

"The Church of Tomorrow" contains six chapters. Chapter I deals with "The Method of the Church," and makes a strong and, it seems to the present writer, an unanswerable plea for "Diversity in form with unity of spirit." The author does not believe that the Christendom of the future will satisfy itself with a single form of church organization and church life. In these days there is much advocacy of church unity. This may be carried too far. Unity does not necessarily imply uniformity. Life always expresses itself in variety. Too much outward unity means stagnation or tyranny, or both. There must be no sacrifice of denominational freedom or individuality. Let us have not the merging of church with church for the sake of mere size or even of increased mechanical efficiency; and certainly let us not have the crushing out of smaller or weaker denominations by larger and stronger ones, but brotherhood, co-operation, federation,—that true unity which is of the spirit.

Chapter II considers the "Task" of the coming church, which is declared to be "Feeding the Roots of Life." The great question for every human being is not what he shall get, or even what he shall do, but what he shall become or be. The task of the church is to help men to be,—to be their best and truest selves, to attain the largest, fullest, richest possible manhood and womanhood. Doubtless the

Church of Tomorrow will have other aims also, as, for example, that of doing good in many ways; but its supreme aim will be to nourish individual character, for this is fundamental in everything.

Chapter III discusses the "Thought of God," which it calls the "Top-root of Religion." The thought of God set forth is thoroughly rational, ethical and spiritual; it is essentially that of the greatest Hebrew prophets, the 139th Psalm, Paul and Jesus. An interesting comparison is made between the Christian idea of God (that of Jesus) and the God-idea of Zoroastrianism, Brahmanism and Buddhism,—the Christian idea being held to possess not only the highest philosophical reality but superior practical value in life.

Men's conceptions of God are often confused by names. Much so-called theism is really atheism, while not a little so-called atheism and agnosticism are really very true belief in God. The word God is nothing unless we give it a worthy content—a really divine content; and on the other hand a really divine object of faith cannot be destroyed by a name. A great and noble thought of God makes a great and noble religion; but a low, shallow or unworthy thought of God impoverishes religion as nothing else can do. A high thought of God necessitates a high thought of man, and a high thought of man leads inevitably to a high thought of God. Any conception of God that can permanently satisfy the deep needs of the human soul must include love and universal Fatherhood. "The Church of Tomorrow must deepen and broaden man's whole consciousness of God that it may irrigate his whole nature with the waters of a river of life."

Chapter IV has for its subject "Worship: the Fruitfulness of Prayer," and treats with insight and much suggestiveness such sub-topics as the ethical importance of reverence, modern difficulties about prayer, what prayer can and cannot do, the reign of law, man more than a physical organism, divine sonship necessitates prayer, young people and worship, how worship enriches life. "To worship is to appropriate the divine bounty and take our place consciously and gladly in the family of God."

Chapter V is devoted to "the Pulpit," which is described as "the Voice of the Moral Ideal." The preacher of the church to come must above everything else be a prophet of righteousness, a proclaimer to men of the moral law,—God's law in all worlds.

The last chapter of the book, the sixth, deals with "the Pews," or "the Congregation at Work." It describes the old method of the church as "Priest and Sacrifice," and the new as "an educational administration of religion." Among the leading subjects treated are: the alleged decline of the moral influence of the pulpit, forces hostile to the preacher, a working theory of ethics, the needed "social conscience," Christianity more than a moral ideal, and the educating personality of Jesus.

The whole volume is eloquent and throbbing with conviction; and it can hardly fail to attract wide attention both in liberal and orthodox circles, —probably quite as wide in the latter as in the former.

If Dr. Crooker's book is anywhere weak, it is on its sociological side. Certainly not a few readers will pronounce it inadequate here. The author recognizes a great social awakening taking place in connection with religion, and in some respects shows warm sympathy with it; but he seems to deprecate and resist its entrance to any considerable degree into the organized life of the church, as something foreign to the church's true mission. He would have the church stand for individual salvation and only indirectly for social salvation. Let the church direct its energies to making good men, then we may be sure that good deeds will be done, charities and philanthropies will be established and maintained, and movements for the public betterment will be carried on. Let the roots of the tree of life be nourished; then there will be no lack of fruit on the branches.

This view of the church which Dr. Crooker sets forth is the old one; is it the true one?

There is a new view rising which takes issue with it. It says, Yes, let the church interest itself, of course, in individual salvation; but it must also interest itself mightily in social salvation; indeed, only as it seeks to promote social salvation can it even save itself. It is not enough to make men "good," they must also be good for something; and that means they must be set doing something. Indeed, the surest way to make men really good is the laboratory method—that of setting them doing good work, unselfish work, work for others, work for the common benefit. No man can be saved alone; no church can be saved alone; "save thou a soul and it shall save thine own."

The "roots of life" must be "fed" certainly. But how? Can they be adequately fed by merely sitting in a church on Sunday and listening to sermons, however good, or singing hymns and offering prayers, however devout? It is a law of life that to be or become we must do; to receive we must give. Effective Christian nurture cannot be divorced from good deeds, from active service of others. Neglect here shrivels the roots of life for man or church. If Dr. Crooker realized this more deeply he would not speak so lightly of the "institutional church," the "every-day-open-door church," the church with social settlement features, the church alive with week-day as well as Sunday activities for the betterment of the community, the state and the nation. His book is splendidly strong on nearly every other side; the wish will be widespread that it were equally strong on this.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Summer Books

I have from the Macmillans a handful of sunny summer books. I always like to pick up a Macmillan book, for, although there is a difference, nearly every book from this house pays for the reading. In this handful I have one more of the novels of Luther, author of "The Crucible," The Henchman," and "The Mastery." This volume is entitled "The Sovereign Power." It carries you through Europe, and is a thoroughly good love story. I can not say that there is anything wonderful about it, but it is readable. It is good for tired days. It has a good deal to do with bi-planes and all sort of business in the

air, and it is not too psychological.

From the same house comes second in the pile "The Legacy, a Story of a Woman," by Mary S. Watts. Only the other day I laid down "Nathan Burke," with the conviction that it was one of the best novels of 1910. Indeed, it stands very high in my judgment. Mary S. Watts, who wrote "Nathan Burke," could not write an inferior novel, and "The Legacy" is almost as good a book in some ways. However, I laid down the book without a feeling of satisfaction and what you might call social comfort.

The third book in the pile is Owen Wister's last novel, entitled "Members of the Family." It is a book of short stories, and I think they will be just about what you will want during these hot days. Wister is a peculiar author, not without conceit, but at the same time not without a keen appreciation of wild nature, that is nature, herself—for she is always wild. Do not fail to read the preface to this book, for it is as full of life as it is of literature. If Mr. Wister could give us a volume fully up to the level of the seventh story, the one entitled "Where It Was," it would rank exceedingly high among tales and stories. I do not think so very highly of "Happy Teeth," and that class of tales, but the one to which I call especial attention is certainly very remarkable, and number eight, or "The Drake Who Had Means of His Own," is, in another way, nearly as good.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I am in receipt of "The People of Popham," by Mary C. E. Wemyss —a very pleasant tale, with a certain amount of humor, but the style is too jerky. It tires one to read the book. All the same, it is an exceedingly good story, and it shows to what New England has come,—the change that has come over society within the last thirty years. Imagine Sarah Orne Jewett, or Miss Alcott, or Miss Austin writing such a novel as this. They would not find the elements in their constituency; but Miss Wemyss does.

E. P. POWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Militant Attack Upon Militant Socialism

To the Editor of UNITY:

I sympathize very much with many things that the Rev. G. R. Dodson says in his sermon, "The Menace of Militant Socialism," published in your issue of May 25. As Prof. Rauschenbusch has pointed out, the Socialist movement will prove abortive unless leavened with the true spirit of religion.

And how to bring this spirit of religion to modern men who must solve modern problems, if they are to be solved, is the herculean task of the ministers and churches. This would seem very easy from the advice that any cub of a newspaper reporter or a busy business man feels free to offer. At the present time, from President Eliot of Harvard, who stands for specialization except for himself, to Mr. Morgan, a money king, who expresses his mighty displeasure by absenting himself from a religious assembly of his church, men of all classes think themselves perfectly capable of directing the affairs of religion and religious organization.

This is an excellent sign of the times. It may be the solutions are as impracticable as to try to enforce Harvard University methods in the Salvation Army barracks. But to make people think, or think they think, is certainly worth while. Before a subject is perfectly understood, all sides must be considered. And therefore I write this suggestion to Mr. Dodson, when he gives us his next sermon on Socialism, to please give the bright side, as well as the dark.

Certainly there is a bright side to this movement. The Socialists themselves, like all enthusiasts, sometimes lack the sense of humor. For instance, the verbose platforms of all political parties hardly mean exactly what they say. The socialists' attack upon the "Masters" sounds like brain explosions, if one did not know that the party embraces among its strong adherents wealthy men. A socialist orator in explaining this fact said that these rich socialists did not give all their money to the socialist party because they (the rich men) were not fools.

Then the "capitalists owning the nation intellectually," when many of the most prominent writers today are thoroughgoing socialists, belongs under the heading of jokes. These socialists are simply human beings, and their party platform is much like the party platform that Mr. Dodson's church members swear by,—I mean believe, so that the doctrine of correspondences, not Swedenborgian, might be of service, in Mr. Dodson's next sermon.

I hope, also, that in his next sermon he will explain more fully his quotation from Bebel that "Marriage will lose its reason for existence." If I understand his underlying philosophy, it is that marriage shall not take place as it too often does now, for economic reasons. My impression is that Bebel is for the true spirit of marriage, which all decent, mature people stand for. Bebel would certainly attack the social evil in St. Louis and Chicago, for which he would hold the present economic system largely to blame. Free love, which should be called free fancy (as there is no love except free love), is too prevalent among socialists, and so is divorce among Americans. Is it right to suggest that the whole socialist movement indorses this? I do not say that Mr. Dodson does this, but many critics of socialism do, and why should not Mr. Dodson, who so rightly and beautifully insists upon the domination of the spirit of good will, insist upon the recognition that socialists cannot be wholly defined by thinking men, any more than a Republican, or a Democrat, of the present day,—unless it be by an orator.

And in America we need to beware of the orator. He gives such sweeping generalizations. He makes statements to disconcert his opponent, to win his case, to convert to his view. He forgets to mention many of the relevant arguments of the opposing counsel, and he dresses up his facts with the dynamite of rhetoric to cause a unanimous brain storm. But alas, after it is all over, poor humanity must pick up the fragments that remain, and go to work again to seek the perfect.

Take, for instance, the materialistic conception of history that Karl Marx taught. I personally dislike the theory. I do not believe it. Yet I must confess that there is something in it. It is already making us write the history of the Reformation with new light, and see that there was something else beside Luther and the Catholic church in the struggle.

What I would like Mr. Dodson to do, is to be on both sides, and not only consider the "Appeal to Reason," but the "Christian Socialist;" not only quote Haywood and Debs, but Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, and his fellow minister, Mr. Holmes. Is it asking too much? I appeal from the orator to the philosopher. Give us another sermon.

Fall River, Mass. CARLYLE SUMMERBELL.

Johnny Beaver Gets Squelched

Johnny Beaver sat on the river bank one day, biting away on a chip of wood, when along came Willy O'Possum.

"Good-morning, Johnny Beaver," Willy O'Possum called out, "what are you biting on that chip of wood for?"

"Good-morning, Willy O'Possum," replied Johnny Beaver, "I am sharpening my teeth."

"Humph!" grunted Willy O'Possum, "you ought to have teeth like mine, that you wouldn't have to sharpen."

"Yes," said Johnny Beaver, "but you can't do anything but eat with your teeth, while I can cut down trees with mine."

"But you can't swing by your tail as I can," said Willy O'Possum, and he wrapped his tail around the branch of a nearby tree and swung backward and forward two or three times.

Johnny Beaver looked scornfully and he said:

"No, I can't swing by my tail, but I can plaster a house with my tail. I am as smart as a man," he added proudly, "I can build houses and dams."

"Oh, but your tail is so ugly," said Red Squirrel, who was sitting in the tree above Willy O'Possum and Johnny Beaver. "Now, my tail is such an ornament."

"Your tail isn't any prettier than mine," chipped in Striped Chipmunk, "and besides, I am not just a plain red color, I have black and white stripes of trimming on me."

"You have only six stripes," said Federation Squirrel, "and I have thirteen. Anybody would think I was handsomer than you."

"Ha, ha, ha," all the animals laughed in chorus. "Why, you poor thing!" Striped Chipmunk said, "don't you know that thirteen is such an unlucky number? It's a wonder that you are alive!" And again all the animals laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks.

But Federation Squirrel said, "Thirteen isn't an unlucky number. There were thirteen original colonies in this country and it's the luckiest country in the world, for here we have personal liberty and equal rights."

"Personal liberty!" grunted Johnny Beaver. "Piff! you fellows ain't fit to have personal liberty; you ought to have a smart animal like me to make laws to govern you. I can tell you if I had my way, I'd stop this idle swinging by the tail, and I'd put animals who are vain over their useless tails and the stripes on their coats into jail." And Johnny Beaver glared at the animals fiercely, and snapped his teeth together so hard that he bit his chip of wood in two.

Now the King of Birds and Beasts was walking in the forest and he heard what Johnny Beaver, and Willy O'Possum, and Red Squirrel, and Striped Chipmunk, and Federation Squirrel said, and when they had finished he walked out and sat down on a stump and commenced to talk to them.

"You see," he said, "you are all different and you all like different things because the wise God made you so, and then, in justice, he gave you personal liberty and equal rights to act according to your natures. Only he declared that you must not do anything that would hurt yourself or any other animal and that if you did you must go to jail and stay there until you should have learned to behave temperately. You heard what Johnny Beaver said and so you understand that it would not do to let one class of animals, like the Beavers, make laws to rule all the other animals. Johnny Beaver likes to cut down trees and build houses and dams, and he ought to be allowed to do those things as long as he builds on his own land and does not interfere with any other animal's rights. But he ought not to make Willy O'Possum build dams; he ought to let him swing by his tail because that makes him happy and it doesn't hurt him or anybody else. As I came through the woods," the King of Birds and Beasts continued, "I looked into these storehouses of Red Squirrel, Striped Chipmunk, and Federation Squirrel, and I was shocked and grieved to discover that they were hoarding a great many more nuts than they and their families can possibly use. Now I know and they know that there are only so many nuts in the woods, and if some animals take more than they need, other animals will have less than they need and will have to go hungry while there are animals making themselves sick eating too much. Greed is the greatest sin in the world, and it is the mother of all the other sins."

All the little squirrels hung their heads and looked ashamed.

"I heard Red Squirrel, and Striped Chipmunk, and Federation Squirrel bragging about their beauty," the King of Birds and Beasts went on to say, "and they are beautiful to look at, but remember this, no animal who is vain and greedy is really beautiful. There are many kinds of beauty, and you are all beautiful in your different ways," said the King, looking kindly at all the animals, "but the most beautiful thing in the world is to allow others the same privileges that you wish to enjoy yourself, and its name is 'Lib-er-ty.'"

GUILHERMINA MENDELL

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

—*Southwell.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL

The warm days and the near approach of vacation make many of us long for quiet and a life out of doors. The most refreshing and upbuilding vacation is not an idle one. "Motive makes the man," and we would all do well to pay equal attention to the *two* commands in Walt Whitman's words, "Loaf and invite your soul."

Tower Hill is a place among the hills of Wisconsin, on the Wisconsin river, and about thirty-five miles west of Madison, where a group of people have for many years been obeying both. The cottages (which are chiefly screened porches) are dotted over the hillside hidden away among the trees so that one has privacy without loneliness. The table is supplied with fresh milk, eggs, cream, vegetables and fruit, in short, one can be comfortable at Tower Hill.

Then there is Emerson Hall and the talks and the music which invite your soul. Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones' lessons (this year in the Beginnings of the Religious Life) introductory to a study of Religions, are characterized by his usual breadth of view and power to relate all the activities of man to their fundamental source and highest outcome.

There are school teachers who, today, bear testimony to the inestimable value of his teaching in their own work. Besides Mr. Jones' lectures there will be a course of six lectures in the sociological study of the Bible by Mr. Louis Wallis. A course in music appreciation will be given by Mrs. Charles Carroll Brown, to be illustrated with piano, violin and voice—Maude Essex Sprays, Edith Stanton Brown, violinist. One may stay at Tower Hill without study if he choose. One of the things that make Tower Hill a haven is the spirit of freedom. It is not an amusement place; it is a resting place for mind and body and heart. There is provision for simple natural life for the children, too. Are you one of the few for whom there is still room? If so, write, for further information, and write soon, to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.—*School and Home Education.*

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Forty-fourth Annual Meeting

The 44th annual meeting of the Free Religious Association held in Boston, May 26, in point of attendance and the interest taken in its proceedings was one of the most successful gatherings in the history of the Society. Ford Hall, in which the morning session took place, was crowded, both floor and galleries, with an eager and responsive audience. Rev. C. W. Wendte, D. D., read his presidential address, which dealt briefly with the past history of the Association and intoned the new uses for truth and freedom to which it was called, especially in the social field.

The topic of the morning was "The Next Step, in Religion, Philosophy, Social Science and Civil Government," and proved to be a fruitful theme. Rev. Dr. Algernon Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., dealt with the story of religious development through the ages, giving a condensed and masterly review of the progress of the human mind in freeing itself from unreason and authority. With the aid of a large chart containing census returns he showed the present alignment of religious forces in the United States, and drew lessons from it for the present duty of the radical thinker in religion. Rev. Dr. Merle S. Wright, of New York, gave a militant and extraordinarily vitalizing address on "The Next Step in Philosophy." It is impossible to do justice in a few sentences to so brilliant and suggestive an utterance, whose gist may perhaps be summed up in one of its own epigrammatic passages: "Measure the world by man, not man by the world; measure nature by its highest type, human nature; measure human nature by its highest ideals." Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer treated of Social Progress, to whose elucidation she brought the qualities so characteristic of her public utterances, a well-informed, open and singularly sane mind, graceful speech, and that moral earnestness which is most convincing of all. Pleading for a program of social endeavor which should embrace all, and not be narrowed down to the immediate material needs of the poor and depressed classes, Mrs. Spencer epitomized this in three universal demands: "Socialize the water, socialize the air, socialize the earth." Prevent these great fundamental requirements of man from falling under the control of monopolists, or being abused by selfish greed. Write these aims upon your banners and take the next step onward in the social problem. Speaker Walker of the Massachusetts Legislature made a vigorous plea for various political reforms.

All these addresses and those at the banquet in the afternoon caught by the flying fingers of Mr. Frank H. Burt, will appear in full in the Annual Report of the Society, which will be edited by the Secretary, Mr. James H. West. Mr. William H. Hamblen, who for eleven years past has faithfully served the Association in this capacity, retires at his own request and becomes one of its directors. At the annual business meeting, on the 25th of May, Mr. Hamblen read discriminating and feeling tributes to seven persons connected with the Free Religious Association in years past and recently deceased, viz., Julia Ward Howe, Helen M. Ireson, Sara C. Bull, Sam Walter Foss, Sara A. Underwood, Dr. Edmund Montgomery and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It was appropriate that the opening exercises of the Festival, held at the Twentieth Century Club rooms in the afternoon, should be devoted to these friends of the Association, and especially to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, both of whom had long served the Society as officers and kept up their loyalty till the last. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, who had just been elected an honorary vice-president of the Association, was the first speaker, and in concise, appreciative words told of his long-time friendship for both these eminent persons and contrasted their careers with each other. Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, Rev. Edward Cummings, and Rev. Ida C. Hultin followed in brief tributes, conceived in excellent taste and the impressiveness that comes from personal acquaintance and loving regard. Mrs. Maude Elliott, daughter of Mrs. Howe, responded for her mother in a moving address, a fitting conclusion to the commemorative exercises.

President Wendte now turned over the conduct of the proceedings to Rev. John Haynes Holmes, of New York, in recognition of the young life that is now entering the Association and bringing with it new ideals of religious, social and humanitarian service. The two hundred persons at the dining tables were reinforced by as many more, while many others were turned away from want of room. A bright and witty discussion of the morning's papers was entered into, Dr. Crapsey coming in for a generous share of criticism and comment. Revs. C. W. Casson, Frederic W. Perkins of Lynn, and A. M. Rihbany, Dr. George C. Cox of Cambridge, Powhatan Bagnall and others took part in the debate. After a hymn by Rev. Wm. C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., had been sung, that gentleman himself, who had also been elected a vice-president of the Association, made the concluding address. It was to the effect that the next step in religion was a step inward to the eternal and fundamental revelation of God in the soul of man. With this thought as a benediction the meeting came to an end. E. P. M.

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14. The Thought of Death.
15. The Thought of the Soul.
16. The Thought of Heaven and Hell.
17. The Thought of God.
18. The Thought of Sacrifice.
19. How Priests Began: The Ritual.
20. The Temple: Altars.
21. The Growth of Community: How Communities Began.
22. How Laws Began: An Ancient Code.
23. The Ten Commandments, 1st, 2nd, 3rd.
24. The Ten Commandments, 6th.
25. The Ten Commandments, 5th and 7th.
26. The Ten Commandments, 4th: The Institution of Sabbath.
27. The Origin and Growth of Easter.
28. The Origin and Growth of Christmas.
29. The New Commandment of Jesus.
30. A Civic Code: Sources of Wealth.
31. A Civic Code: Poverty, Living Wage.
32. A Civic Code: Rights vs. Duties.

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Kindly suggested by Professor Starr of the University of Chicago, Professor Kelsey of the University of Pennsylvania, and Louis Wallis, Esq.

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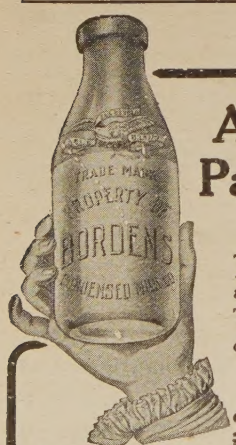

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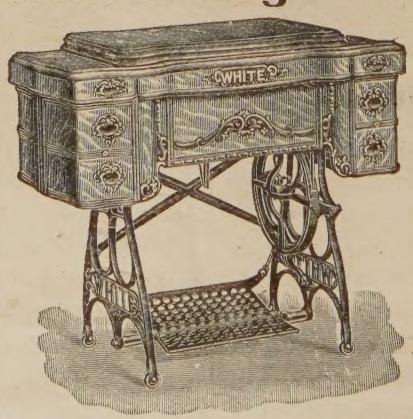

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